

## A "BOOM EDITOR."

He Is a Possible Republican Candidate for Governor of Kansas.

Hon. M. M. Murdock, of Wichita, Kan., whose name has been suggested in connection with the Republican gubernatorial nomination, is said by his friends to have been the original "boom" editor of the United States. His energies in this line were devoted to the advancement of the village, afterward town and now flourishing city of Wichita. General Lew Wallace, the famous author of that wonderful religious novel, "Ben Hur," saw one of Editor Murdock's "boom" editorials, and he declared that it had "more brass bands and fife" in it than anything he had ever read.



M. M. MURDOCK.

Mr. Murdock is at present the editor of the Wichita Eagle, which is a very flourishing journal. He is a native of Virginia, but he, like many another young man, took the advice which Horace Greeley had not then given and went west. He took part in the many exciting events which made Kansas in the early days of her statehood an exceedingly lively place to live in. In 1863 Mr. Murdock began his journalistic career by establishing the Burlingame Chronicle, which is still in existence. In 1871, however, having made up his mind that Wichita was destined to become a great city at some time, he moved there and started the Eagle, which he still owns.

Then it was that Mr. Murdock's ability as a "boomer" was first manifested. Every issue of The Eagle fairly bristled with adjectives descriptive of Wichita's coming greatness. As the city now has a population of about 40,000, it is to be presumed that Mr. Murdock feels that his methods and confidence have been vindicated. The "boom editor" is a shrewd politician, too, and he has held several offices of honor and profit in Kansas, the most important being the lieutenant governorship and a state senatorship.

## AN INTERESTING RELIC.

The Engine That Figured in the Andrews Raid Has Been Reconstructed.

Of the many relics of the civil war to be seen at the Chicago World's fair few will excite more pathetic interest than the famous "General," the engine with which James J. Andrews and his squad of Federal scouts made their wonderful run on April 12, 1862. The world is familiar with their story. Under orders from General O. M. Mitchell they went down the Western and Atlantic road to break communication between Chattanooga and the points south and east. Of the twenty-two raiders eight, including Andrews, were hanged, eight escaped, and the remaining six were exchanged in 1863.



THE GENERAL.

The engine was turned out from the Rogers works in 1854, and continued in active service till late in 1890, when it was laid aside. After it had stood in all weathers for eighteen months, the proposition to refit and take it to the World's fair excited general enthusiasm at Atlanta. It was put in charge of A. W. Collier, son of the master machinist of the W. and A., who supplied the worn out parts with exact fac similes of the original, and it was run through the city in good style and viewed by large crowds. With very slight exceptions, it is just as it was in 1862, and looks bright and new.

Mr. Jeff Cain, the engineer from whom the engine was stolen, as it were, still lives in Atlanta, and so do Captain Fuller, the conductor, and Mr. Anthony Murphy, the roadmaster, who joined in the pursuit. All the raiders who escaped received medals and other rewards, as did the pursuers. Mr. William Pittenger, one of the Andrews squad, has written an entertaining work on the affair, and several Confederates have given their testimony, and it is a fact worth noting that as to no other event in the war do the narrators agree so minutely in their statements.

## Queer Treatment of an American.

The Hollanders have queer ideas of executing the law, especially in the colonies, and their knowledge of international comity is so attenuated as to be almost imperceptible. Captain Carpenter, the commander of the whaling vessel Costa Rica Packet, while on a whaling cruise last fall was arrested at Macassar. The Dutch refused to tell him what he was arrested for, kept him in prison for a month and then released him. He ascertained that he was accused of piracy committed in 1897, when he picked up a small waterlogged and abandoned vessel thirty miles from land and removed the few cases of goods that were found on board of her to his own ship as salvage. The government of New South Wales is corresponding with the Dutch government, and Captain Carpenter demands pecuniary redress for personal indignities and remuneration for the loss of the whole whaling season.

## His Opinion of Wagner.

Abijah Stone was a Vermont farmer who had a great fondness for horses. He often said that "thaout no disrepect t' human bein's, it did appear's of some hossen hed full as much sense as th' common run o' folks." His conversation was tinged by this belief, and he drew many an illustration from his favorite animals. On one occasion this habit of his was the cause of much confusion to a young man to whom Mr. Stone was talking.

The young man was a professional musician who had been spending part of the summer at a neighboring farmhouse, and had had the audacity to fall in love with Mr. Stone's pretty daughter Jenny. He was listening to the farmer's various reasons for opposing his suit one summer evening, just before his return to the city.

"For one thing," said Abijah Stone, "you like all kinds o' new fangled music, an want t' be playin it all th' whole durn time; naow my Jenny, she'd rather hear 'Home, Sweet Home,' or somethin o' that gen'ral style."

"Ah," said the pianist, blandly but firmly, "I should educate your daughter's musical taste, Mr. Stone. I should lead her gradually from simple melodies up to the great Wagner."

"Was that piece you played t' th' concert in Taown hall by Mr. Wagner?" interrupted Abijah.

"It was," replied the pianist, with a glow of reminiscent pride in his late performance.

"Well, then," said Mr. Stone, with a peculiar expression at the corners of his mouth, "you might lead my Jenny up t' him, young man, but I'm inclined t' think she'd be apt t' balk b'fore you got her there!"—Youth's Companion.

## Gold Which Tourists Leave in Italy.

How does Italy, a country without gold mines, find the gold to pay the ten millions a year due to foreign holders of her bonds, not to speak of the heavy balance against her on her foreign trade? Mr. Dering, secretary of the British embassy in Rome, declares that the only solution of the question at which it is logically possible to arrive is that this amount of gold is annually brought into the country by foreign travelers, who swarm during the four seasons of the year in one part of Italy or the other.

From calculations made by the United States consular representatives in various parts of this country it has been computed that for the last ten years the average expenditure in Italy of American citizens has been about £7,000,000. Mr. Dering thinks it would scarcely be an exaggeration to place the collective expenditure of British, French, Austrian, German and other foreign travelers at double this amount.

This, we are reminded, is irrespective of the money spent in the country by the 50,000 to 60,000 pilgrims who annually visit the Eternal City, and of the amount of which they are the bearers in the shape of donations to the holy see.—London News.

## What He Ordered.

At dinner in St. Joseph, Mo., about two years ago, with my friend Hile Joburn, who is considerable of a wag, in reply to the "What will you take to drink, gemmen?" of the son of Ham that served us, I ordered a glass of iced tea, while Hile, who wanted beside the fluid a little merriment to aid digestion, said: "You may bring me a glass of lacteal fluid, George."

The ebullient dispenser of grub, with a confident "All right, boss," left for the kitchen, where, the supposition is, he expected to find some one who could translate Hile's order to his vernacular, but apparently he was disappointed, for after a minute's absence he returned with but one glass—that contained frapped tea—and placing that before me, he turned to Hile with:

"What was dat you wanted, boss?"

My companion answered, "A glass of milk, you emphasized fool."

Again the waiter left, and coming back in a short time with a triumphant gleam on his face and a glass of milk in his hand he joyously said, "Dar's your or tail fluid, boss."—New York Recorder.

## Wherein Liverpool Was Desirable.

I was invited by an American friend of mine in Liverpool to meet Hawthorne soon after his arrival. His appearance was very striking, his face handsome and intellectual, and the large liquid eyes were full of latent fire and poetical imagination. He was not only reticent, but almost taciturn, and when he did speak was apt to pause and then jerk out the rest of the sentence. Americans have, as a rule, a very remarkable facility of expression. Here was a curious exception. I remember condoling with him for having exchanged Boston, the hub of creation, for uncongenial Liverpool, when he replied, "Oh, Liverpool is a very pleasant place" (then a pause sufficiently long for me to look surprised, and then suddenly the end of the sentence), "to get away from."—Cornhill Magazine.

## No Safe Deposit Vaults Needed.

There is no trouble about living in the polar regions except lack of food supply. No danger exists that the provisions once placed would be disturbed. Among the people who dwell in those frozen regions a cache is sacred. Nothing short of starvation will compel a native to interfere with one, and even in such a case he leaves payment behind for what he takes. Snow shoes and extra clothing are hung up in the open air in summer and are as safe as the accoutrements which city persons "hang up" at their uncle's during the warm season.—Chicago Herald.

## Guarding Against Sparks.

A new arc lamp has a wire gauze protector upon the top of it, the object being to prevent the escape of the dangerous sparks which occasionally fly from the carbon poles and are the cause of fires. The gauze is fine and does not interfere with the diffusion of the light nor with the placing of the carbons.—New York Journal.



Mr. Chas. N. Hauer

Of Frederick, Md., suffered terribly for over ten years with abscesses and running sores on his left leg. He wasted away, grew weak and thin, and was obliged to use a cane and crutch. Everything which could be thought of was done without good result, until he began taking

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

which effected a perfect cure. Mr. Hauer is now in the best of health. Full particulars of his case will be sent all who address C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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